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THE INDICATOR.

No. LXXXI.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye,
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

ON THE SUBURBS OF GENOA AND THE COUNTRY ABOUT LONDON.

[Concluded from last week.]

AT Holland House, still in becoming hands, lived, loved, and died Addison; none of them very happily, though much is said about the death. I do not use the word "happy" in a physical sense, but as a question of good taste. Christians can die well undoubtedly: so can good people of all religions; especially if their blood is in a state of reasonable circulation, and they are not haunted with fears for others. I do not know how Steele died. Very pleasantly, I dare say, if he had his wits about him; for Young said, that "in his worst state of health, he seemed to desire nothing but to please and be pleased." But at all events, his last years are preferable to those of Addison, even though he had given up his property to his creditors and retired into Wales. He used to amuse himself there with sitting out of doors in a chair, and giving prizes to be contended for by the village damsels. His more prudent friend, who put executions in his house to instruct him (which was about as good-natured as Steele thought it, and about as wise as damming up a torrent for a fortnight) flourished and faded in his grand house under the contempt of his wedded Countess, and resorted to consolations, which in such a man, and such a man only, provoke one to forget the charity which he lost sight of. It is a tradition, I believe, in Holland House, that Addison used sometimes to compose while pacing up and down a long room that had a window at each end, and in each window a bottle. What the bottle contained, more or less, stronger or weaker, is matter of speculation. If he thought of poor Steele, I beg his pardon; but why did he not *say* something about it? Addison's tavern habits were too much for Pope, who was obliged to leave off sitting up with him. Dennis, according to Spence's Anecdotes, said, that Dryden "for the last ten years of his life was much acquainted with Addison, and drank with him more than he ever used to do; probably so far as to hasten his end." Addison was then a young man. This was beginning betimes for the great moralist of the circles. When the story of his death-bed is told, it should be added (and doubtless would obtain equal admiration) that, a fortnight before, he sent for

Gay, and told him with much penitence, that he had "injured him greatly," but would make it up to him, if he lived. What the injury was, does not appear. "Better late than never;" but did he husband this good thing all the while he was writing the *Spectator*, and the charming Saturday articles? The lecture which he wrote to the lady who made love to him, and which somehow or other *transpired*, is of a piece with the rest. Little did Calista know of *him*. Addison had wit at will, a delightful style, little things of all sorts in profusion, especially when he was in his cups; but he wanted greatness of every kind. His virtue, even in its humblest moment, was but a species of good breeding, equally useful to him, he thought, in and out of the presence; a mixture of prudence, egotism, and submission. He was perplexed neither by his sympathies nor his wisdom; (at least he has not suffered any such misgivings in the long room to transpire) and he went to heaven, as he would have gone to court, dressed in his most becoming graces *à la mode*, and preparing himself for a good reception, if not by the consciousness of his rank, by the smiling zeal of his deference, and the politeness of his security.

In the burying ground between Bayswater and Oxford-street lies "poor Yorick."

Paddington, "base, common, and popular" as it may now seem, is a very old village, that once had an abbey with a flourishing abbot, famous for its pomp and hospitality. One side of the road still belongs to the church. I have had many reasons for loving it, man and boy:—but here begins the ground of my affections, continuing through mead and green lane till it reaches beyond Hampstead. In the church yard, by the green, with the fine trees on it, lie two of the most irritable spirits that ever disseminated liberal opinion,—Curran and Dr. Geddes. The tomb of Geddes has an epitaph upon it worth a Christian's going to see. In front of one of the houses between Paddington and Oxford-street, is an almond-tree; not "on top of green Pelinis," but "all alone" nevertheless, and in its due season

With blossoms brave bedecked daintily.

Proprietor of that house and tree, and occupier of the house next door, was an old lady, whom I recollect, or think I recollect, in my childhood, as a sort of perpetual thin-visaged old girl. In vain she walked out with a lap-dog, a hood, and an umbrella that was also a walking-stick. Her lap-dog, a jealous cur, was the only unpleasant thing about her. Her merry voice "piped as though it should never grow old." And yet whether I know her best from my own experience, or those of my brothers, I forget. At all events, her image appears as vivid to me as if I saw it carved at the top of her stick. She was the terror and delight of all children; alternately frightening them to death with goblin tricks, and putting them in Paradise with indescribable dumplings. What a difference between her and another old lady whom I knew, who lived in a great house by Paddington church, and was herself frightened to death, and worse, by Calvinism! She was one of the kindest women in the world; but she "lived well," and did not move about like the other, which would have kept her blood from stagnating in that infernal lake. I know not to which of the houses it was, but I think to the smaller one, that belonged those divine green rails, which used to dance before me by anticipation all the way from

home, like a fairy prospect. There are no such rails now, as the old gentleman in Gil Blas said of the peaches. And yet I have a pleasure in seeing *imitations* of them too, especially in a poor suburb.

I know not which is the pleasanter way to Hampstead, the one up Kilburn-lane through West End, or the one over the beautiful meadows that ascend to the church. Upon the whole, however, I am for the latter, and you generally go that way; so here is a *vade-mecum* to read *again*, as you take your journey; for that you *must* read it in the fields, and in those identical fields, is certain. If you are obliged to read it aloud, I shall not quarrel; nor even if you are all happy in hearing it; since I shall only gnash my teeth with impatience, when I receive the news, which is what I am inclined to do every week, when I think of every friend I have; so it does not much signify. Out of forty thousand impatiences, comes patience. I am "used to it," like the eels. B. shall write me an account of it, and put me at my worst; when I shall of course grow better.

Kilburn (the Kele or Cold Bourne) had its nunnery, as Paddington had its monastery. The ground between must have been nice. The nunnery is said to have stood on that pretty green slope on the right hand, as you enter the village from London. The bourne runs at the foot of it, and forms afterwards the sheet of water facetiously called the Serpentine River. Out of the left side of Kilburn, runs a lane to a little rustic hamlet called Wilsdon, one of the most secluded spots about London, and celebrated in the Literary Pocket-book with a due and united *gusto* of alehouse and pastoral. I dined there one time in company with an elegant living poet, whose fancy retreated from the "cakes and ale" into a contemplation of the white-curtained room upstairs, which he thought very amiable. White-curtained rooms are amiable. There are no such little draperied simplicities here, with woodbine and diamond windows; though there are heads of hair that would look well, looking out. Another time, I had a delightful dinner with W. C. in a room hung with Honbracken's engravings of the poets. There was a "niece" to wait on us (may nobody make her look less happy and pretty than she did then!) and a considerable appetite on both sides. C. acknowledged it was "the sort of thing."

The lane leading on the right hand up to Hampstead winds pleasantly through thick hedges and fertile fields, and opens at West End upon a beautiful view of Hampstead and the church. From the retirement of West End, fate once pitched me into a very different sort of seclusion in *Horsemonger-lane* (think of the name!) as if I had been no better than a quoit. It was a quoit, however, that had shattered some very hyacinthine locks.

We have now entered Hampstead, the region of all suburban ruralities, of paths leading upward and downward, of groves, of prospects, of meadows and wood, of remote looking lanes, of a remnant of wild nature, of classical recollections. When I returned from the very different lane just mentioned, I hastened to re-occupy a bench that stood in a delightful slope, and overlooked West End. I found it pushed away by the fantastic house that now stands there, mystifying the fields, and mocking antiquity. C. L. could not have been more startled when he saw the chimney-sweeper reclining in Richmond meadows.

Had the chimney-sweeper found the wonderful lamp, he might have raised just such a structure

With twenty murders of good taste upon it,
To push us from our stools.

Near this alarming fact (not the tenement next to it, but the first one on the right hand as you look up the lane) is a white house, in which Dr. Johnson took lodgings for his wife, crossing the fields to come to her of an evening. The road leads strait on from here to the heath. Let me leave the church on my right, with my usual reverence and silence. Every spot from this place is sacred to me for some recollection. Good God! how clearly I see every thing! how vividly every corner turns upon me, with its trees, its gateways, or its mounds! On the right, in the first floor of a cottage, lived the last of the Mulso's,—at least so I fancy her, for she was a maiden lady, and ought to have been the last, if she was not. (Not that I have any objection to the Mulso's, but Richardson and a continuation of the species somehow do not agree; though Pamela thought otherwise.) On the left I stood with dear S. and M. S. drawing ideal pictures of house-keeping. On the right again, I kissed somebody that shall be nameless. Here I read; there I wrote something; there I used to turn down on horse-back; and there I was thrown from my horse, to the great displeasure of a lady's maid, who upon my assuring her I was not hurt, was angry that I had made her so nervous. Let me rest awhile in the grove overlooking the heath, and fancy I am reading my Spenser.—I'll get up and cross to North-End. At North-End, under the wing of his friend Dyson, lived Akenside. He calls the slope leading into the Hendon-road, *Golder's Hill*; and altogether made as much of his suburb, as the greatest Cockney of us all. Milton could not have said more for his "noble suburban spot," or for the boarding-school girls whom he used to deify. "Hampstead's airy summit" any body may speak of; but none but a lover could have talked of "climbing" its "steep aerial way," especially on the north. He was then, however, weak and sick,—sick too in the lungs; though so fond was he of the place, that even the north-wind did not come amiss to him. See his Odes; where, amidst a great deal of what is prosaical, and nothing that is lyrical, the real poet occasionally looks forth.

Thy verdant scenes, O Goulder's Hill,
Once more I seek, a languid guest;
With throbbing temples, and with burthen'd breast,
Once more I climb thy steep aerial way.
O faithful care of oft-returning ill!
Now call thy sprightly breezes round,
Dissolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the springs of life with gentler movement play.
How gladly, 'mid the dews of dawn,
My weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy west, or the fresh north, inhale!
How gladly, while my musing footsteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the sunny lawn,
Awak'd I stop, and look to find
What shrub perfumes the pleasant wind,
Or what wild songster charms the Dryads of the grove.


All this reminds me but too painfully of another and greater poet, a

lover of Hampstead, of whom more presently. North End, seen from the heath above it on the south-east, presents one of the prettiest village pictures I am acquainted with,—trees, gardens, and smoking cottages, with a mansion here and there. The road that runs over the heath between this and the Vale of Health is a remnant of the old Roman road or Watling-street, and is praised by Camden for the beauty of its prospects. You can see from it to Windsor, and the borders of Buckinghamshire. The clumps of pines before the place where Lord Erskine lived, are of Italian origin, having been in fact (as I understand) brought from Italy by the person who built the mansion that looks down them. Nearly opposite, on the other side of the road, are nine elms, under which it is recorded that Pope and Lord Mansfield used to sit. It must not be omitted, to the eternal honour of Mr. Coxe, poet and auctioneer, and also of Lord Mansfield's eminent successor, that the Noble Lord having an intention of cutting down these nine elms, Mr. Coxe made a becoming petition in the name of the Nine Muses, which it was impossible for an Erskine to resist. So the elms are where they used to be, with, I hope, a better seat under them. At Caen Wood, the fine seat of the Mansfields, there is a portrait of Betterton the player, which is said to be from the hand of Pope. On the right of the Highgate-road, pleasant meadows lead over to pleasant places,—Hendon and Finchley; on the left a lane turns off to Highgate and Kentish Town, justly christened Poets' Lane, both on account of its rural beauty, and the walks here enjoyed by Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Keats, and others. There is a beautiful cottage and farm in it (only the cottage is too near the lodge) that belonged to Lord Southampton. The path over the fields to Highgate, or back again to the Vale of Health or the Heath is quite lovely. Who knows it better than yourself? But you like me to repeat it. It was from a house on the eastern part of the heath, that Keats took his departure to Italy. Melancholy as it was, and the more so from his attempt to render it calm and cheerful, it was not the most melancholy circumstance under which I saw him there. I could not hinder him one day from going to visit the house, in which, though he was himself ill and weak, he attended with such exemplary affection his younger brother that died. Dead almost himself by that time, the circumstance shook him beyond what he expected. The house was in Well Walk. You know the grove of elms there. It was in that grove, on the bench next the heath, that he suddenly turned upon me, his eyes swimming with tears, and told me he was "dying of a broken heart." He must have been wonderfully excited, to make such a confession; for his spirit was lofty to a degree of pride. Some private circumstances pressed on him at the time; and to these he added the melancholy consciousness, that his feeble state of health made him sensible of some public annoyances, which no man would sooner otherwise have despised. His heart was afterwards soothed where he wished it to be; and when he took his departure for Italy, he had hope, or he would hardly have gone. Even I had hope.—My weaker eyes are obliged to break off. He lies under the walls of Rome, not far from the remains of one, who so soon and so abruptly joined him. Finer hearts, or more astonishing faculties, never were broken up, than

in those two. To praise any man's heart by the side of Shelley's, is alone an extraordinary panegyric.

You know what I must think of Hampstead, when the memories of two such men come in aid of all that endeared me to it before. Its beauty and its classical associations are enough to render it interesting to every body; but love and friendship of all sorts have also hallowed it to me. It pleases me to think, that kindred hearts with these have delighted in the place before. A little after you enter the town from London is a mansion which belonged to Sir Henry Vane,—the most exalted and extraordinary intellect, except Milton, of an age of great men; and one perhaps who saw still farther than Milton into the capabilities of society, in spite of the puritanical cloud in which he wrapt up his Platonism. Here also Day, the manly-spirited author of *Sandford and Merton*, brought his new-married wife, who talked and walked with him to his heart's content; and in the long room in Well Walk, now the chapel, but then the pump-room for the mineral waters, used to be seen one of the most amiable of men of wit, Arbuthnot, who came there to get the health which he distributed to thousands. I was going to say the most amiable of physicians, but I recollected Garth. Garth was often at Hampstead, if he never lived there, for he used to come to join the Kit-Kat Club at their summer dinners. He lies buried at Harrow, purely to oblige one's prospect. You know where the club met? At the last house on the hill, before you turn down into the Vale of Health. It is now a private residence;—a long low house with trees before it, very respectable. I write this for your fellow-readers. That house has a series of histories belonging to it. In the first place, it was the scene of the summer meetings of the Kit-Kat Club aforesaid, consisting of Steele, Addison, Congreve, Garth, Vanbrugh, and other wits and great Whigs. When Steele was hiding from his duns in a cottage on Haverstock Hill (which is still extant) they used to call for him by the way, and take him up. After this, Richardson made it the scene of one of *Clarissa's* flights: on which account a Frenchman is said to have made a pilgrimage on purpose to see it. It was hitherto an inn, known by the name of the Upper Flask. Being afterwards converted into a private dwelling house, it became the residence of George Steevens, the commentator on Shakspeare, who used to walk to London every morning at day-break to correct the press. But another anecdote remains, not the least in interest. I will repeat it for the benefit of the readers above mentioned. Some years ago, when the house was occupied by a person whose name I forget (and I should suppress it in common humanity, if I did not) I was returning home to my own, which was at no great distance from it, after the Opera. As I approached my door, I heard strange and alarming shrieks mixed with the voice of a man. The next day, it was reported by the gossips, that Mr. Shelley, no Christian (for it was he, who was there) had brought some "very strange female" in the house, no better of course than she ought to be,—the consequences of which, of course, were no other than what *they* ought to be, and what decent imaginations might guess. Alas, their decent imaginations would never have got at the truth, had they carved it and Christianed it till doomsday. The real Christian had puzzled them. Mr. Shelley, in coming to our

house that night, had found a woman lying near the top of the hill, in fits. It was a fierce winter night, with snow upon the ground; and winter loses nothing of its fierceness at Hampstead. My friend, always the promptest as well as most pitying on these occasions, knocked at the first houses he could reach, in order to have the woman taken in. The invariable answer was that they could not do it. He asked for an out-house to put her in while he went for a doctor. Impossible. In vain he assured them she was no impostor,—an assurance he was well able to give, having studied something of medicine, and *even walked the hospitals*, that he might be useful in this way. They would not dispute the point with him; but doors were closed, and windows were shut down. Had he lit upon worthy Mr. Park, the philologist, he would assuredly have come, in spite of his Calvinism. But he lived too far off. Had he lit upon you, dear B—n, or your neighbour D—e, you would either of you have jumped up from amidst your books or your bed-clothes, and have gone out with him. But the paucity of Christians is astonishing, considering the number of them. Time flies; the poor woman is in convulsions; her son, a young man, lamenting over her. At last my friend sees a carriage driving up to a house at a little distance. The knock is given; the warm door opens; servants and lights pour forth. Now, thought he, is the time. He puts on his best address, which any body might recognize for that of the highest gentleman as well as an interesting individual, and plants himself in the way of an elderly person who is stepping out of the carriage with his family. He tells his story. They only press on the faster. “Will you go and see her?” “No, sir, there’s no necessity for that sort of thing, depend on it:—impostors swarm every where:—the thing cannot be done:—sir, your conduct is extraordinary.” “Sir,” cried Mr. Shelley at last, assuming a very different appearance, and forcing the flourishing householder to stop out of astonishment, “I am sorry to say that *your* conduct is *not* extraordinary: and if my own seems to amaze you, I will tell you something that may amaze you a little more, and I hope will frighten you. It is such men as you who madden the spirits and the patience of the poor and wretched; and if ever a convulsion comes in this country (which is very probable) recollect what I tell you;—you will have your house, that you refuse to put this miserable woman into, burnt over your head.” “God bless me, sir! Dear me, sir!” exclaimed the frightened wretch, and fluttered into his mansion. The woman was then brought to our house, which was at some distance, and down a bleak path; and Mr. S. and her son were obliged to hold her, till the doctor could arrive. It appeared that she had been attending this son in London, on a criminal charge made against him, the agitation of which had thrown her into the fits on their return. The doctor said that she would inevitably have perished, had she lain there only a short time longer. The next day my friend sent mother and son comfortably home to Hendon, where they were well known, and whence they returned him thanks full of gratitude. Now go, ye Pharisees of all sorts, and try if ye can still open your hearts and your doors, like the good Samaritan. This man was himself too brought up in a splendid mansion, and might have revelled and rioted in all worldly goods. Yet this was one of the most ordinary of his actions.

Dear N., I know I cannot delight you more than by repeating the praises of another friend:—so richly in this respect has heaven compensated me, for a thousand evils, in things of which even death cannot deprive me. 

P. S.—Among other suburban dwellers about London, I have omitted to mention in the course of this article, that Sir Thomas More lived at Chelsea; that Thomas Moore hummed a short time at Hornsey; and that Coleridge resides at Highgate, a “stroller with a book.”

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Don Juan. Cantos IX. X. XI.

[Concluded.]

WE ended our observations last week with the Noble Author's allusion to his Buonapartean deposition from the poetical supremacy of the day. He thus descants upon the similar vicissitudes of others, and the species of interregnum at present existing:—

Sir Walter reigned before me; Moore and Campbell
Before and after; but now grown more holy,
The Muses upon Sion's hill must ramble,
With poets almost clergymen, or wholly.

A formidable number of asterisks, accounting for the omission of a stanza and a half, follow, leaving us in an awful state of doubt in respect to these reverend contenders for the poetical diadem, which doubtless cannot be otherwise than exceedingly afflicting to Messrs. Millman and Croly. Various opinions are then mentioned:—

Some persons think that Coleridge hath the sway;
And Wordsworth hath supporters, two or three;
And that deep-mouthed Bæotian, “Savage Landor,”
Has taken for a swan rogue Southey's gander.

The Poet proceeds to speak of the minor fry of pretenders, but thinks little of them:

———— I should rate but low
Their chances;—they're too numerous, like the thirty
Mock tyrants, when Rome's annals waxed but dirty.

There is something exceedingly happy and forcible in the following simile. Who cannot recognise at first glance the Prætorian bands alluded to?—the hired assailants of every person and thing unshackled and independent; yet greedy, mutinous, and insolent, if not amply rewarded out of the spoil. As to the Author of *Don Juan* trying conclusions with them, no one can doubt the result of such a struggle in the field of intellect; but Lord Byron, or any one else, will never be able to encounter them in *any* field; it is not their business to fight openly; they are guerillas and bushfighters almost to a man. We need not point out the felicity with which the Poet has described the demure and unconscious simplicity of his Muse:—

This is the literary *lower* Empire,
Where the Prætorian bands take up the matter;—
A “dreadful trade,” like his who “gathers samphire,”
The insolent soldiery to soothe and flatter,

With the same feelings as you'd coax a vampire.

Now, were I once at home, and in good satire,
I'd try conclusions with those Janizaries,
And show them *what* an intellectual war is.

I think I know a trick or two, would turn
Their flanks;—but it is hardly worth my while
With such small gear to give myself concern:
Indeed I've not the necessary bile;
My natural temper's really aught but stern,
And even my Muse's worst reproof's a smile;
And then she drops a brief and modern curt'sey,
And glides away, assured she never hurts ye.

The fashionable life of Juan is thus detailed:—

His morns he passed in business—which dissected,
Was, like all business, a laborious nothing,
That leads to lassitude, the most infected
And Centaur Nessus garb of mortal clothing,
And on our sophas makes us lie dejected,
And talk in tender horrors of our loathing
All kinds of toil, save for our country's good—
Which grows no better, though 'tis time it should.

His afternoons he passed in visits, luncheons,
Lounging, and boxing; and the twilight hour
In riding round those vegetable puncheons
Called "Parks," where there is neither fruit nor flower
Enough to gratify a bee's slight munchings;
But after all, it is the only "bower"
(In Moore's phrase) where the fashionable fair
Can form a slight acquaintance with fresh air.

The dress, the dinner, and the crowded rout follow; and we cannot omit a short description of the circumstances attendant upon the latter, the occurrence of which in the last possible stage of inconvenience is said to produce extreme exultation in fashionable and high-born bosoms of the feminine gender:—

There stands the Noble Hostess, nor shall sink
With the three-thousandth curt'sey; there the Waltz,
The only dance which teaches girls to think,
Makes one in love even with its very faults.
Saloon, room, hall o'erflow beyond their brink,
And long the latest of arrivals halts,
'Midst royal dukes and dames condemned to climb,
And gain an inch of staircase at a time.

The matrimonial and other speculation attendant upon fashionable intercourse is subsequently adverted to; but as we cannot afford a taste of everything, we hasten to the following caustic summary of the life and death of British young noblemen. There is wormwood in the ingredients, but is there not also truth?

They are young, but know not youth—it is anticipated;
Handsome but wasted, rich without a sou;
Their vigour in a thousand arms is dissipated;
Their cash comes *from*, their wealth goes *to* a Jew;
Both senates see their nightly votes participated
Between the tyrant's and the tribunes' crew;
And having voted, dined, drank, gamed, and whored,
The family vault receives another lord.

The Poet then proceeds to moralize with great emphasis upon the transitory nature of earthly existence. He does not however ask, in the usual style of lackadaisical grandiloquence, what is become of defunct

empires, or of Babylon and Nineveh: the world of *eight* years past is alone reverted to:—

Where is Napoleon the Grand? God knows:
 Where little Castlereagh? The devil can tell:
 Where Grattan, Curran, Sheridan, all those
 Who bound the bar or senate in their spell?
 Where is the unhappy Queen, with all her woes?
 And where the Daughter, whom the Isles loved well?
 Where are those martyred Saints, the Five per Cents?
 And where—oh where the devil are the Rents!
 Where's Brummel? Dished. Where's Long Pole Wellesley? Diddled.
 Where's Whitbread? Romilly? Where's George the Third?
 Where is his will? (That's not so soon unriddled.)
 And where is "Fum" the Fourth, our "royal bird?"

We cannot give the whole of these pleasant queries, but the following are very mischievously happy:—

Where are the Grenvilles? Turned as usual. Where
 My friends the Whigs? Exactly where they were.

Nor the following:—

Some die, some fly, some languish on the Continent,
 Because the times have hardly left them *one* tenant.

Even "change is more changeable," exclaims the poet, pathetically:

Nought's permanent among the human race,
 Except the Whigs *not* getting into place.

Which of course is a climax. The poet proceeds in this moralizing strain to the end of the Canto, in the course of which he informs us that he has much more to relate of the adventures of Don Juan in this our "moral country":—

What Juan saw and underwent, shall be
 My topic, with of course the due restriction
 Which is required by proper courtesy:
 And recollect the work is only fiction,
 And that I sing of neither mine nor me,
 Though every scribe, in some slight turn of diction,
 Will hint allusions never *meant*. Ne'er doubt
This—when I speak, I *don't hint*, but *speak out*.

What those adventures are, however,

Is yet within the unread events of time.
 Thus far, go forth, thou Lay! which I will back
 Against the same given quantity of rhyme,
 For being as much the subject of attack
 As ever yet was any work sublime,
 By those who love to say that white is black.
 So much the better!—I may stand alone,
 But would not change my free thoughts for a throne.

So much for the Cantos of Don Juan which are about to appear, and to supply, like the Greek fire, the example of a flame which only burns the more clearly and fiercely for the dirty water that is thrown upon it. Scientifically speaking, we are told that there is much inflammability in water, and that it is rather by force than by humidity that a stream of it from an engine extinguishes a fire—in a word, that the fire is *dashed out*. We suspect that it is owing to a deep consideration of this theory, that a Learned Lord proceeds. Perceiving that the illumination of the press only burns the more brightly in consequence of the wretched tools or engines employed to keep it down, his Lordship is adopting the

Injunction, or *dashing-out* system. It will scarcely however be endured even so long as its introducer is likely to live; and when gathered to his fathers, how certainly that and much more of the same kind will follow him, is apparent to all men. In fact, this political and legal leviathan is like the single nail which is said once to have arrested the launch of a first-rate man of war. Every body shrugged up their shoulders at *such* an obstacle—an obstacle however it was, and when extracted, the magnificent fabric, thus insignificantly impeded, pursued calmly and majestically its destined course.

Popular Tales and Romances of the Northern Nations. In Three Vols.

“These tales,” says the compiler of the present collection, “do not pretend to be a picture of human nature and human manners; they are either imitations of early traditions, or the traditions themselves, amplified by some modern writers, and must be judged of in reference to such origin. Stories of this nature form an important feature in the literature of the Germans, who seem to be the authenticated historians of Satan in all his varieties of name and attribute.”

The foregoing brace of sentences in a few words so clearly conveys the extent of the expectation to be formed of these volumes, that we have quoted them to save a more circuitous explanation. If any way to be amended, it is in the mention of the early traditions themselves, of which we apprehend there are *none* that are not materially altered or amplified. The application of literature to the rude traditions of past times, is uniformly discernible; and although in some respects necessary to modern literary taste, we are not sure that the more direct source of interest is thereby improved. A comparative reality generally attends the ruder original notions, which are usually spiritualized away by the intrusions of more disciplined imaginations, and thus lose in a more absorbing power what they gain in fancy. We make this remark because we think it is in this respect the English reader will experience some disappointment. There are only one or two of these stories which chain down attention, although several of them dally agreeably enough in a species of mongrel fantasticality, peculiarly congenial to the Germans, who have parcelled out the province of ultra romance into a variety of departments, of the nice distinction between which the readers of other nations have but little conception. The following additional quotation from the Preface to these translations will serve to illustrate our meaning:—

“It must however be allowed that, with the Germans, fancy has had too much sway, for it has seldom been under the guidance of sound taste; and the consequence is, that the multitude of their original fictions is disgraced by the most barbarous absurdities. The same may, in some measure, be said of their modern romance, but at the same time the reader cannot fail to be delighted with the variety and richness of its inventions, *diablerie* with the Germans being as inexhaustible as the fairyism of the Eastern world. Sometimes it is presented to us under its most terrific forms; at others it appears, as in Musäus, under a light veil of irony, in a tone half jest, half earnest, and that is, indeed, its most beautiful form. Few tales are more pleasing than the Spectre Barber, one of the happiest illustrations of this class of writing, where a playful fancy sports with a fiction, that was at no distant time the delight and terror of the peasant’s fireside. La Motte Fouqué, on the contrary, is altogether a magician of darkness, who loves to treat the wild and impossible as serious matters, but who always endeavours to draw from them some moral conclusions. Veit Weber, another great name of romance, builds his tales on the

dark times of chivalry, when the knights plundered the people with the sword, and the monks plundered the knights with the bible. Ottmar and Büsching are the antiquarians of romance, who have collected the scattered traditions of the peasantry, and retailed them to the world with little deviation from their originals. Madame Naubert is more akin in her genius to Musäus, though a spirit of an inferior order; her materials are generally of the light and playful kind; or, if not, she makes them so by the manner in which she works them up. Laun is the historian of ghost-stories, which have really occurred, but which have subsequently been found capable of rational explanation; a translation of three or four of his tales has lately been published by Ackermann; the work is well executed and affords much wholesome food for the over-credulous. Grimm is the collector of Nursery Tales, and as such is well known to the English reader. Lothar has a volume on the plan of Ottmar's, the most essential difference being its inferiority. On the same principle are two volumes of Popular Tales, published at Eisenach without the author's name, but many of them are exceedingly entertaining. Lebrecht and Tieck are the authors of many beautiful legends, but they have generally trusted to their own fancy instead of building themselves on antient traditions. Backzo's legends are something in the manner of La Motte Fouqué, though neither so fanciful nor so original. But to detail all the volumes of German legend and romance would be to give a bookseller's catalogue; for, not only has Moravia, Silesia, Thuringia, and Austria, each its distinct legends, but every quarter of the Harz Mountains, east, west, north, and south, has its own exclusive terrors; and when to these are added the fictions of later writers, the catalogue swells beyond all reasonable limit."

The tales in this collection in some degree illustrate the information afforded in the extract, being chiefly collected from the authors therein mentioned; but, whatever the cause, with a few exceptions, we are of opinion their English garb will do very little towards their naturalization. Agreeably to what we have already observed, by far the best of them are those which depart least from the naked traditions which gave rise to them, such as the *Spanish Barber*, a very unsophisticated ghost story, which is narrated delightfully. A courtship of looks without intercourse, and exhibitivè of the intuitive correspondence of two youthful hearts left to self-consultation alone, and led by the purest sympathies into mutual dependance and constancy, is very beautifully described. Love taken in at the eyes is a much more common occurrence at a certain age than grave kind of people are disposed to imagine; and many an ardent flame burning in a female bosom, like the sepulchral lamp, silently and unheeded, illustrates the nature and delicacy of the portraiture of the fascinating Mela in this story. The humour also, though rich, is playful; and upon the whole it is preferable to all the rest. Of the same class, but of inferior materials, is the *Treasure Seeker*. The *Collier's Family*, the *Enchanted Castle*, and the *Field of Terror*, are also of this description, but of still lower pretensions; the last, if we mistake not, has already been Englished in the publication entitled the "Popular Tales of the Germans," and in Blackwood's Magazine.

The *Bottle Imp*, the *Magic Dollar*, the *Sorcerers*, and the *Fatal Marksman*, are of the class of stories which take their foundation in the universal European, and indeed Asiatic, superstition of sorcery under the idea of a treaty with Satan, who is uniformly described as a personage exceedingly disposed to trick simple people out of their souls by legal subterfuge, and quibbling with the letter against the spirit of law,—a disposition which, as it is *never* observed in lawyers, leads innocent people to wonder why this mysterious personage should be so universally regarded as their patron saint. In this sort of *diablerie*, as the translator justly observes, the Germans more particularly abound, and the tales we have mentioned contain some pleasant examples, but

none that excel several English and French sallies of imagination of a similar nature. Wit, epigram, and undisguised satire, to be sure, intrude too much upon fancy in the tales of our neighbours, and our own country superstitions, including those of Scotland and Ireland, are too drily conveyed in an unrelieved matter-of-fact manner, to vie with the wild eccentricity of the German story-tellers. Possibly, however, we may redeem ourselves in this respect, when we have sufficiently worked out a very tedious vein of maudlin story-telling, which possesses neither the freshness of nature, the brilliancy of fancy, nor the wild but pregnant German *bizarrie*—mental opiates, which partake of the good qualities of no description of romance, and which abound in the faults of them all.

Wake not the Dead is a Vampire tale, and possesses a ground plot for a superstructure of considerable interest; but it is dashed too much with the childish. A loving husband, after taking a second wife, is enabled by supernatural means to raise his first from the dead; but she returns a specious but beautiful bloodsucker or Goul. There is some force in this hideous conception, but it is trifled away. We hope it will not find its way to the stage, or it will be trifled away still further. As times go, however, it would make a taking melo-drama.

A very pretty fanciful story called *Elfin Land* is precisely the *Kilmeny* of the Ettrick Shepherd—(nothing new under the sun!) This and another called emphatically *The Tale*, skip from all fixation by reason or consecutiveness like quicksilver—especially the latter, which is too volatile for our apprehension, and too gaudy for our taste. We thought of the fair author of *Ada Reis*.

The *Erl King's Daughter* and the *Hoard of the Nibelunger* are examples of the elemental mythology; and of those loves between the spirits of "Fire, Air, Flood, and Underground," which are so pleasantly accounted for by the immortal Count de Gabalis of the Abbe Villers. The first of these stories has its merits. We suspect it is by La Motte Fouqué, being exceedingly *Undine*-ish.

Lastly, we have a selection of the sort of tales attributed in the Preface to *Veit Weber*, and these we like least of all; for with greater force and wilder imagination, they remind us of those sickly ghost and spectre stories of chivalric times, which inundated the English province of fiction, after the success of the Castle of Otranto, the Old English Baron, and the bold picturesque inventions of the gifted and modest Ann Radcliffe. One of these—we think it was called the *Phantoms of the Cloister*—we shall never forget: it described Colonel —— and family sitting down *to tea* in the reign of our Henry IV.!!!

We have before, either here or elsewhere, had occasion to observe, that boundless as the aerial regions of pure imagination appear, they are infinitely more circumscribed than the humbler *terra firma* of nature. Like the visible stars of the firmament, the ideas appear innumerable, and yet are readily counted. In this respect the purely imaginative writer resembles the modern *aéronaut*, who, although he leaves the earth, never gets clear of its atmosphere, and can soon tell the whole of his story. His colours are indeed more bright and vivid than those of other people, but as Pope said somewhat too severely of the Arabian Tales, they stand like the painting in an Indian screen, bright and glaring, but unshaded and unrelieved. A delicate and feli-

citous order of genius may occasionally blend them to the production of a beautiful effect; but as this class is rare, we must not wonder that if, as the Translator of the work before us asserts, we often run to pure fiction from the stern realities of life, so are we frequently disposed to grow weary of fairy-land, and fly back to poor draggle-tailed human nature for substantial mental enjoyment. Q.

TABLE TALK.

The following letter is the production of a spirited English matron, the Countess of Nottingham, in the reign of James I. The King of Denmark alluded to was that King's uncle and brother-in-law. The education of women was comparatively strong in those days, and the result was often intellectually heroical and high-minded.

"SIR—I am very sorry this occasion should have been offered me by ye kinge your master, wh^{ch} makes me troublesome unto you for the present. It is reported unto me by men of honour the great wronge that ye kinge your master hath done me, when I was not by to answere for myselfe. For, if I had beene present, I would have let him knowe how much I scorne to receyve that wronge at his handes. I need not write the particulars of it, for the kinge himselfe knoweth best. I protest to you, Sir, I did think as honbly of the kinge your master as I did of any prince, but now I perswade myselfe there is as much baseness in him as can be in any man; for, although he be a prince by birth, it seems not to me he harbours any princely thought in his brest, for, eyther in prince or subject, it is the basest part yt can be to wrong any woman of honour; and I would the kinge your master should knowe that I deserve as little the name he gave me as eyther the mother of himselfe or of his children. And, if I come to knowe what man hath informed your master so wrongfully of me, I shall doe my best to putt him from doing the like to any other. But if it hath come by the tongue of any woman, I dare say she would be gladd to have companions. And so, leaving to trouble you any further, I rest your friend,
(*Harl. MSS. 787.*) "MART. NOTTINGHAM."

Between the tomb of Dryden and the first pillar of the cross on which it stands, is an ancient stone of grey marble, on which, by the marks, appears to have rested the image of a man in armour. This covers the remains of ROBERT HAULE, who at the battle of Najara, in Spain, in the reign of Richard II., together with his comrade John Shakel, took prisoner the Earl of Denia, who, in order to raise money for his ransom, was set at liberty on leaving his son an hostage in the hands of his captain. Upon their coming to England, however, the Duke of Lancaster (John of Gaunt) demanded their prisoner for the King; but they refused to deliver him up without the ransom, and were therefore both committed to the Tower; whence escaping, they took sanctuary in Westminster Abbey. Sir Ralph Ferrers and Alan Buxal, the one Governor and the other Captain of the Tower, with fifty men, pursued them, and having by fair promises induced Shakel to surrender, they endeavoured to seize Haule by force, but the undaunted soldier made a desperate defence. The result of this unequal conflict was the death of the unfortunate warrior, who fell, overpowered by numbers, in the choir before the Prior's stall, with his dying breath commending himself to God, the avenger of wrongs. A servant of the abbey fell with him. This indecent fray took place on the 11th of August, 1378; and the result to the other prisoner proves that it gave no small cause for scandal. Shakel, it seems, was thrown into prison again in the first instance, but was soon afterwards released; when

the King and Council agreed to pay the ransom of his prisoner, five hundred marks, and to allow him one hundred marks *per annum*. Shakel was buried near the spot. The resistance of the servant of the abbey, and the honourable burial of Haule, shews that this infringement of a sanctuary arose out of a vigour beyond the law; and the anecdote shews the tenacity which ever has and ever ought to distinguish the English character, when roused by individual injustice. In political cases they are unhappily less tenacious, as Manchester impunity too clearly proves.

PARIS.—RECOLLECTIONS CONNECTED WITH SOME SPOTS IN THAT CITY.—The government which removed the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau from the Pantheon, has purchased and is clearing the apocryphal baths of Julian, once lost in the rubbish of a cooper's shed of the Rue de la Harpe; thus at the same moment with petty vengeance pursuing the illustrious dead, and exemplifying how vain the effort to destroy the power, which, after centuries of calumny and wrong, yet hallows—even to the Bourbons—the cellar of an artisan. When will our mild rulers learn “*deorum injurias, diis curæ*,” from the experience of the most subtle tyrant of antiquity? When will they cease to hope to compound for their own crimes by arrogating to themselves the vengeance of a God of mercy? But this is not Parisian anecdote. A Bishop of Winchester (Peter de Rupibus) of 1204 built here an *Hôtel de Vinchestre*, which, after passing through the corruptions of six centuries of French pronunciation, appears finally to have settled into *Bicêtre*. Here our Henry of Bolingbroke resided when the Archbishop of Canterbury (Fitzalan) son of the murdered E. of Arundel, brought him that invitation from the English nobles and *citizens*, which ended in the resignation of Richard II. and his own *election* to the throne. The *Hôtel de Cluny* is in the Rue des Mathurins: the principal apartment of the old palace is a cooper's shop, and the out-offices of a printing establishment are the rooms in which Charlemagne shut up two of his daughters. In the Rue Git-le-Cœur was a little palace built by Francis I.: it had a communication with the hôtel of the Duchesse d'Estampes: her “*salle de bain*” is now the stable of an auberge; and his “*petit salon de delices*,” the kitchen of a hatter. The Rue des Mauvais Garçons (Rue des Boucheries) took its name from a sign; the other street of that name (Quartier de l'Hôtel de Ville) was originally the Rue de Chartron, but became de Rue de Craon, when the hotel of that family was built in it. Its present appellation is derived from the band of ruffian Angevins and Bretons, collected by Sir Peter de Craon to assassinate the Connétable de Clisson. To avoid suspicion, these desperadoes arrived in small parties at Paris, and remained concealed within the hotel, where arms and armour were prepared for them, till their number amounted to forty, when they were secretly joined by Sir Peter himself, about Whitsuntide, 1391. This nobleman had been dismissed the court of Charles VI. for betraying some love secrets of the Duc de Touraine to his Duchess; and ignorant of the real cause, he ascribed his disgrace to the malignant influence of Sir Oliver de Clisson: hence his hatred and projected vengeance.—The Feast of the Holy Sacrament was fixed on for its perpetration. The French Court was then held at the Hôtel de St. Pol, whose gardens stretched from

the Rue St. Antoine to the Seine; and so hearty was the company in the celebration of that feast, that in spite of their early hours it was one in the morning before the dancing had concluded. De Clisson, calling for his varlets, departed homewards to his palace behind the Temple. He rode merrily on, settling with his house-steward the scale of a dinner intended for the morrow; but in the Rue St. Catherine the ambush was laid: his attendants, to the number of eight—mere torch-bearers—fled, or were struck down. Sir Oliver, conceiving it to be some frolic of the Duc de Touraine, called out, “By my faith, my Lord, it is ill done; you make a jest of every thing;” but a well known voice replied—“Clisson, you must die—I am de Craon;” and his enemies closed on him. The old warrior did all that could be done by single-handed courage to turn the assassination into a combat; but he was surprised, with only half his sight left to him, defenceless and unarmed, save with the short sword then worn for ornament; and after receiving many wounds, one from behind struck him from his horse. His assailants deeming this conclusive, and alarmed at the continuance of the fray, rode with all speed for the Porte St. Antoine, and quitted Paris. But fortune befriended their victim: a baker, already at work, had opened the upper hatch of his door. Against this the Constable fell, and rolled into the shop. Thus saved from their farewell thrusts and the trampling of their horses, he was left severely but not seriously wounded. News was brought to the King, while retiring to rest; and in his *robe de nuit* he visited his favourite, and promised him revenge. In about six weeks, Clisson was again on horseback: but before that time many guilty and innocent, according to the fashion of the good old times, had perished for real or supposed participation. The chief criminal, however, escaped safely to Bretagne. Charles dishonoured the name, and rased the house, giving its site as a place of sepulture to the neighbouring church of St. John; and the people perpetuate his infamy by substituting the present title of the street. The dealers in judgments remarked, that if Sir Oliver de Clisson had not been so forward in depriving the city of Paris of its gates and barriers, and laying it thus at the foot of his master, the murderers, knowing the impossibility of escape from a warded town, would not have dared the attempt.

F.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“*Dr. Burnett's Apology for Moses*” shall be inserted the first convenient day. Our Correspondent need not trouble himself to copy the Latin, since those curious persons who wish to compare the translation with the original, would prefer looking to the book itself.

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